

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:  
I feare the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odde time of his infirmities  
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,  
He'll watch the Horologe a double Set,  
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:  
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature  
Prizes the vertue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now Rodorigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore  
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second  
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,  
It were an honest Action, to say so  
To the Moore.

Iago. Not for this faire Island,  
I do loue Cassio well: and would do much  
To cure him of this euill, But hearken what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? He beate the  
Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)

Or He knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe ho. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, ho:

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'll be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.

Othe. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold ho: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:

Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that

Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottomites.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:

He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honest Iago, that looks dead with greewing,

Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome

Deuelling them for Bed: and then, but now:

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake

Any begining to this peeuish oddes.

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:

The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter

That you vnlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer Iago, can informe you,

While I spare speech which something now offends me.

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought

By me, that's said, or done amiss this night,

Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selues, it be a sinne

When violence assailes vs.

Othe. Now by Heauen,

My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,

And passion (hauiug my best iudgement collied)

Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Giue me to know

How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,

And he that is approu'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,

Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To Manage priuate, and domestike Quarrell?

In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?

'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,

Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth.

Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,

I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,

Then it should do offence to Michael Cassio.

Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:

Montano and my selfe being in speech,

There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,

And Cassio following him with determin'd Sword

To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,

Steppes in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:

My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,

Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)

Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather

For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,

And Cassio high in oath: Which till to night

I nere might say before. When I came backe

(For this was briefe) I found them close together

At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were

When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report,

But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that with them best,

Yet surely Cassio I beleue receiu'd

From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,

Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

Othe. I know Iago

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I loue thee,  
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:

He make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,

My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those whom this wil'd brawle distracted.

Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,

To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue

lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of

my selfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation,

Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had

receiu'd some bodily wound: there is more fence in that

then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false

imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-

seruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you

repute your selfe such a loofer. What man, there are

more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are

but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-

cie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-

fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to

him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue

so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so

indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And

squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian

with tones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of

Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call

thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your

Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-

stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that

men should put an Enemy in their mouthes, to steale a-

way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasure,

reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how

came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue

place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me

another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the

Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands

I could hardly wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as

it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell

me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra,

such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-

sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh

strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnles'd, and the Ingre-

dient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come  
Creature, if it be well  
And good Lieutenant  
you.

Cassio. I haue well  
Iago. You, or any  
time man. I tell you  
Wife, is now the Gen

for that he hath deuot  
Contemplation, mar  
and Graces. Confesse  
tune her helpe to pu  
of so free, so kinde,  
she holds it a vice in  
then she is requeste  
you, and her husband  
Fortunes against any  
your Loue, shall gro

Cassio. You aduise  
Iago. I protest in  
kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it  
ning, will beseech th  
for me: I am desperat

Iago. You are in th  
must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night

Iago. And what's  
That saies I play the  
When this aduise is fr  
Probabb to thinking, a  
To win the Moore ag  
For 'tis most easie  
Th'inclyning Desdemon

In any honest Suite.  
As the free Elements.

To win the Moore, w  
All Seales, and Simbo  
His Soule is so enfeet  
That she may make, v  
Euen as her Appetite  
With his weake Funct  
To Counsell Cassio to  
Directly to his good  
When diuels will the  
They do suggest at fir  
As I do now. For wh  
Plies Desdemona, to r  
And she for him, plea  
He powre this pestile  
That she repeales him  
And by how much sh  
She shall vndo her Cr  
So will I turne her ve  
And out of her owne  
That shall en-masht  
How now Rodorigo?

Rodorigo. I do  
like a Hound that  
Crie. My Money is  
exceedingly well C